Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poines Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giu me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moũtaine, opẽ palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaieſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiõ? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe comparíſõs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poi. Marke, Iacke.

Pri. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe. & Falſtalffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt don? & then ſay it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare, Iacke what tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kil the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, & thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, al the titles of good fellowſhipp come to you. What ſhall we be merrie, ſhall wee haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, & the argument ſhal be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou louſt me. *Enter hoſteſſe.*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſaies, he comes from your father,

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and ſend him back againe to my mother,

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto, ſo did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you wil not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.